

Oyster Notes.

One hundred and fifty years ago there were four thousand oyster women in Paris, who pursued their business with much zeal and dexterity.

The "green" oyster, so much prized in France, will not sell in our markets. The "greening" of oysters is extensively carried on at Marennes, on the banks of the river Seudre; and this particular branch of the oyster industry extends for leagues along the river, and is also sanctioned by free grants from the state. The peculiar color and taste are said to be imparted by the vegetable substances which grow in the beds where the oysters are cultivated.

A resident of London, England, claims that that city spends over \$25,000,000 a year for oysters, and that more than twice the number of these bivalves would be used if they could be obtained at as reasonable prices as in America. The genuine Whitebait oyster fetches about seventy-five or eighty cents a dozen. Oyster culture in England is yet in its infancy. Large numbers of oysters are now carried to England from this country. The most popular size for eating is in a shell about as large as a dollar. They are packed in barrels very closely and kept right side up during the voyage. Quite a trade is now springing up in carrying "seed" oysters to Europe.

Car loads of oysters are shipped to California from New York every few days. The "native" oyster of that western coast is obtained in the Gulf of California, and is small and of coppery taste. There is as wide a contrast between the California bivalve and the eastern as between a crab-apple and a Rhode Island greening. Something of a supply is being obtained on the Oregon or Washington Territory coast. These are better than the more southern.

The seaboard of Georgia South Carolina, and Texas abound in oysters. In some places they have grown up into reefs extending for twenty miles along the coast. Much of this oyster wealth may yet become available for Northern markets. Various river mouths and estuaries along the Connecticut and New York shores would be most excellent oyster farms, if some means could be provided to keep the deposits of mud from covering and smothering the young oysters. The time may be near when enterprising men will seek to clear off these ruinous deposits as they now drain marshes and fill up swamps and pools. The recent law of Connecticut creating a State Commission to sell the deep water ground of the Sound, has served to excite great activity in securing farms in the sea. Many thousands of dollars have already been realized for grounds appropriated.

The production of oysters has more than doubled in quantity in and about New York Harbor, Staten Island, and Perth Amboy during the past five years. It is believed if the mud could be kept out of New York Harbor it would be one of the finest oyster beds in the world.

The natural oyster beds on the east side of Staten Island are the places whence much of the "seed" for all the various famous kinds of oysters about New York is obtained.

It is believed by some that every evil has its antidote. Every pest, sooner or later, can be met by something that will subdue or check it. The potato bug ravaged a few years, and then Paris green came into use, so that they are no longer feared. He would be a benefactor indeed who should discover some cheap and efficient means of stopping the ravages of "stars" and "drills" on oyster beds. Every oyster cultivator says: "Tell us, if possible, how to fight these pests." Here is a field for a scientific scholar. So far it seems to be understood that stars find their homes and breeding places among rocks and reefs. They move out from these upon oyster beds. It has been discovered that dead "stars" are a good means of enriching land. They are capital things to put on the garden. They ruin oyster beds, but enrich vegetable beds. Professor Verrill, of Yale College, says the "stars" take the small oysters into its stomach whole, shell and all; but the larger ones he kills before eating. He does this by surrounding the oyster with the lobes and folds of his enormous sacculated stomach. The gastric juice from it is infused into the shell and kills the oyster, so that the bivalve opens and is soon consumed by the rapacious "five-finger." The only way yet discovered to destroy this enemy is to dredge them off the beds and throw them on the land.

Science has demonstrated that oysters can be so managed that their spawning season can be regulated, and thus good oysters be had and eaten every week in the year. This is arranged in the Connecticut waters by planting them in different depths of water. This secures variety in temperature. The greater the heat the earlier the oysters will spawn. Therefore by moving them into shoal water in a sheltered place where the sun will warm the water easily, the spawning season will be over in early summer. Those in the deeper and colder water will, of course, feel the heat later, and therefore spawn later. Thus one portion of the oyster supply can be always ready for use.

The London Times discussing Secretary Blaine's letter to Minister Lowell, with reference to the Panama canal and the Monroe doctrine, says: The weighty nature of the interests of America is the use of any inter-oceanic canal through the isthmus of Panama will be readily admitted, but Mr. Blaine pushes the point too far when he would have the world take it for granted that no government except his own and that of Colombia has any claim to be consulted in regard to the neutrality of the work. The proposition is far from self-evident and is, unfortunately, not supported in the letter by arguments which will make it acceptable to European powers, and least of all to England.

A river is always down in its mouth. —[Burlington Hawkeye.] And it shouldn't be, considering that it generally controls all the banks along its course. —New York Commercial Advertiser.

What does a husband's promise about giving up tobacco generally end in? —Why, in smoke.

After man came woman, and she has been after him ever since.

THE OWOSSO TIMES.

VOL. III.

OWOSSO, MICH., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1881.

NO. 25.

BY THE RIVER.

River, O river, that singest all night,
Not waiting for light
To pour out thy mirth
Along the chill earth.
The words of thy song let me know—
"I come, and I go."
River, O river with sweet and with fall,
Thy musical call
Waketh, summoneth me;
What thought is in thee
That lull me, yet rouse me so?
"I come, and I go."
River, O river, a word thou must give
To help me to live—
"Then sing on thy way;
Sing the joy of to-day—
Time's ripple, eternity's flow.
I come, and I go."
River, O river, thy message is clear.
Chant on, for I hear—
"What the mountains give me
Bear I forth to the sea.
Life only is thine to bestow.
I come, and I go."
River, O river, thy secret of power
I win from thy hour:
Thy hymn of delight
Is my song in the night;
I am glad with thy goodness; for, lo!
"I come, and I go."
—Harper's Magazine for November.

THE FIFTY DOLLAR BILL.

Mrs. Dean sat alone in her little kitchen. She never used her parlor. There was the extravagance of an extra fire to be considered—the fact that the best rag carpet, woven by her own skillful hands must not be worn out too recklessly, the dread possibility of sunshine fading out these chair covers. Mrs. Dean was an economist. She believed in making everything last as long as it possibly could. And so she made the kitchen her headquarters, and sat there knitting with her feet comfortably balanced on the stone hearth, the saucy pan of apples bubbling softly away at the back, and the sound of her husband's axe ringing from the back shed as he cut and split the kindling wood, piled up there in well-seasoned logs.

She was a little, wrinkled-faced woman of fifty, with stiff ribbon bows to her cap, hair that seemed dried up instead of silvered, and keen blue eyes that twinkled as if they had discovered the secret of perpetual motion. To save money was her chief end and aim in life. The very mittens she was knitting were to be sold at the village store in exchange for tea, sugar, spices and all necessary groceries. "A penny saved is as good as a penny earned," was the golden rule by which she shaped her life.

"I'm glad I took that money out of the savings bank yesterday," said Mrs. Dean to herself, as the bright needles clicked merrily away. "People say it isn't quite safe. And one can't be too careful. But then, again, there's the danger of burglars—though, to be sure, no burglar," she added, with a complacent inward chuckle, "would ever think of looking in the folds of the old Clinkerville Clarion newspaper in the wall pocket on the wall. It's the bureau drawers, and the trunks, and the locked-up chests that they aim for. A fifty-dollar bill! A clean, crisp, new fifty-dollar bill! And all savings, too, out of the house money."

Just then there sounded a knock at the door, and in came old Dr. Bridgman, rubicund with the touch of the March wind, and muffled up in the furs of the wild animals which, from time to time he himself had shot.

"Good day, Mrs. Dean, good day!" said he. "No, thank you; I can't sit down. I'm a deal too busy for that. But I heard yesterday that you took fifty dollars out of the savings bank?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Dean, her face involuntarily hardening. "I did!"

"We are taking up a subscription to get little lame Dick Bodley a cart and donkey, so that he can go around peddling tinware," said the doctor. "It's pretty hard for any one afflicted as he is to get along, and if you can help us a little—"

"But I can't," interposed Mrs. Dean breathlessly. "The money was an investment. I don't propose to cut it up into little bits."

"It's a deed of charity, Mrs. Dean," said the good old man, "to help lame Dick Bodley."

"I dare," said Mrs. Dean, a little irritably. "But I never pretended to be a charitable character."

The old doctor went away, and the next visitor was Helen Hurst, a rosy girl of eighteen.

"Excuse me for interrupting you, Mrs. Dean," said she, "but Larry Johnson was at the bank yesterday, and he tells me that you drew out your money?"

"Was all creation there?" thought Mrs. Dean.

But she said nothing, only knit away until her needles seemed to glance and glitter like points of fire.

"I am trying to get a boarding place at Mrs. Swipes'," added Helen, coloring, "so as to be near the district school, where I am to teach this spring. But Mrs. Swipes requires payment in advance by the month, and unfortunately we have used up all our slender means in providing my outfit. A teacher, you know, must be dressed decently to command the respect of her pupils. But if you would kindly lend me ten dollars—"

"I never lend," said Mrs. Dean, curtly. "I will be sure to pay it up when I receive my first quarter's salary," pleaded Helen.

"And I don't know of any one else to go to."

"It's altogether against my principles," said Mrs. Dean, with her face as hard as if it had been carved out of hickory.

Helen Hurst crept out, feeling humiliated and disappointed beyond all expression.

Mrs. Dean chuckled at her own shrewdness; but she hardly had time to stir up the apples in the saucepan, before Mrs. Graham entered with a little

leather-covered memorandum-book and pencil.

"I am looking for charitable people, Mrs. Dean," said the "Squire's" wife, with a laugh.

"Then you've come to the wrong place," said Mrs. Dean, frigidly.

"Poor Patrick O'Hara was killed yesterday, in the machinery of the rolling-mill," said Mrs. Graham, ignoring her neighbor's response. "He has left a wife and eight children, totally destitute."

"And whose fault is that?" said Mrs. Dean.

"Will you not contribute something toward relieving their destitute condition?" urged Mrs. Graham, opening the book and holding the pencil ready for use.

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Dean. "I've no money to spare."

"O, yes—about the money that was drawn out of the savings-bank," said Mrs. Dean. "But I intend to keep that money for myself, Mrs. Graham."

"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," softly spoke Mrs. Graham. "Yes, yes—I know," said Mrs. Dean. "But nobody interprets the Bible literally, nowadays."

Mrs. Graham took her departure, acknowledging within herself that her errand was a failure, and Mrs. Dean, left to herself at last, indulged in a nap, with the knitting-work in her lap—a nap wherein she dreamed that the fifty-dollar bill had taken to itself legs and was running away from a crowd of pursuers, herself among the number.

When she awoke up, roused by the noise of coal being poured upon the stove, a candle was burning and Mr. Dean was laughing at her.

"Why, Betsey," said he, "I thought you never were going to wake again. Here you sat, with the fire dead out, and I've had to kindle it up again."

"Bless me!" said Mrs. Dean. "I must have been asleep quite a while. But—as she started up she saw that the old wall-pocket opposite was empty."

"Where is that old number of the Clinkerville Clarion?"

"It was last week's paper," said Mr. Dean, calmly. "We had both of us read it, so I just took it to kindle the fire."

"You burned it up?"

"Yes," said Mr. Dean; "I burned it up. Why shouldn't I?"

For half an hour Mrs. Dean sat silent and never spoke a word. Her first utterance was:

"It's the Lord's judgment upon me!"

Mrs. Dean was a resolute woman, full of character. She went to her table drawer, took out a sheet of paper and wrote to Dr. Bridgman, inclosing a dollar toward lame Dick Bodley's cart and horse. She sent another dollar to Mrs. Graham for the poor little O'Haras, and promised to donate a barrel of russets, a bushel of potatoes and some of her husband's cast-off clothes to cut over for the children. And she sent for Helen Hurst to come and see her.

"I can't lend you ten dollars, my dear," said she, "because I haven't got it. But I'll tell you what I will do. I'll let you make your home here as long as you please. There's a nice spare room, and it's an eighth of a mile nearer than Mrs. Swipes' to the district school."

"O, how very, very good you are!" said Helen, her eyes swimming with grateful tears.

"Good!" cried Mrs. Dean. "I'm just beginning to see what a selfish, greedy creature I've been all my life. But you're welcome, my dear, and your board shall not cost you a cent."

She opened her parlor, shook out the curtains and built a fire in the air-tight wood stove.

"Dean likes the parlor," said she, "because it has such nice south windows, and I don't see why we shouldn't enjoy it."

She baked a fresh batch of gingerbread, and sent a loaf to old Mrs. Mudge; she took out a basket of hickory nuts for poor little Harry Jones, who was trying to crack dried up pigments on the stone by the roadside; she renewed her subscription to the church charities.

"I can't be very liberal," she said; "but I am determined to do what I can."

"That's right my dear—that's right!" said her husband. "We shall be prosperous, never fear. I'm awfully sorry about burning up your fifty dollar bill; but, if it's going to open your heart like this, it's the best thing that could have happened to us."

Mrs. Dean was sweeping out the kitchen. She looked around with a smile as she moved the wide-leaved table which always stood under the wall-pocket, and took down the pocket itself, a rude structure of splints, lined with red cambric and tied with cords and tassels of red worsted, to dust it out.

"Yes," she said, "I am afraid I was getting to be a miserly, and—Why, what's this?"

Mr. Dean stooped and picked up a slip of crumpled dark-green paper, which had fallen from the wall-pocket as his wife turned it upside down and tapped her finger against it to remove all possible dust.

"It's the fifty dollar bill!" said he, with mouth and eyes opening in unison. "It must have slipped down from the folds of the newspaper and lodged here."

The Lord has sent it back to us," said Mrs. Dean, reverently; "and He has sent a lesson, wise and merciful, with it."

"Well," said Mr. Dean, after a moment or two of silence, "there's a lesson in almost everything He does, if we did but know it."

And all the theologians in the world could not have improved upon the faith of this simple, unlettered old farmer.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

In a primary school, the teacher wanted to instruct her pupils in the use of the hyphen. She wrote on the blackboard, "Bird's-nest," and pointing to the hyphen asked:

"What is that for?"

After a pause a little fellow exclaimed:

"Please, ma'am, for the bird to roost in!"

There was once a man named Hap. When he was a boy, he misbehaved himself very often, and his mother used to beat him with bamboo rods. One day he cried after the beating, and his mother was greatly surprised, and said:

"I have beaten you many a time, and you have never cried before; why do you cry to day?"

"Oh, mother," he replied, "you used to hurt me when you flogged me, but now I weep because you are not strong enough to hurt me."

"It makes one weep," says the Chinese moralist, "even to read this story."

There were four good habits a wise and good man earnestly recommended in his counsels and also by his own example, and which he considered essentially necessary for the management of temporal concerns. These were punctuality, accuracy, steadiness and dispatch. Without the first of these, time is wasted; without the second, mistakes are the most hurtful to our own credit and interest and that of others may be committed; without the third, nothing can be well done; and without the fourth, opportunities of advantage are lost which is impossible to recall.

The Mountains Falling.

For years past the inhabitants of the Sernf Valley have found in the extensive slate quarries of the Tschingelalp or Plattenberg one of their chief sources of revenue. The berg or mountain in question rises to a height of several thousand feet just behind what was the village of Elm. It is composed, as the event has proved, of a loose, scaly material, exceedingly liable to crack and give way.

Into the base of this crumbling and treacherous mountain the quarrymen of Elm dug in former years without any regard to the laws of science or the simplest principles of engineering. Recently they have been more cautious, but their caution came too late. In a word, they cut away the foundations of the mountain, and at last, as a natural consequence, it has fallen upon them.

That there was some danger of a landslide from the Plattenberg has long been known in Elm. Within the past three or four months slight falls of stone and mud have been of frequent occurrence after heavy rains, yet the people never for a moment thought of leaving the beautiful home to which they were so much attached, and even experts who examined the mountain seem to have had no idea of the full extent of the danger to which they were exposed.

So in fancied security and entire ignorance of the awful fate which was in store for them they lived on.

Meanwhile, the almost unparalleled rains of Summer were slowly but surely completing the work which had begun by the thoughtless or ignorant quarrymen scores of years ago. The end came on the evening of Sunday, the 11th inst.—in the "Saints Calendar," current in some parts of Switzerland, marked "The day of Felix, saint of luck and happiness." During the early part of that day the people of Elm down about their usual vocations in the usual way and without any anticipation of the terrible calamity which was so near at hand.

The little church was well attended, hearty dinners were eaten, and afterward, as was the custom, most of the people, old and young, walked through the meadows or upon the mountain side. At 5 o'clock in the evening, while many of them were still out in the fields, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone, some one was heard crying